

OUTSIDE.

BY CARL SPENCER.

Within the house is warm and light,
Yet none of all the group about
Knows what a gory strikes the night.
There one poor wanderer stands without.

To those their right of earth has come:
One who has seen the world, and known
Outlets of love and hope and home.
Looks in, holding paradise.

For all that cold and famine say,
Seems not the bright sun still to tell
How short the time of every day.
How glad the fires of every eve.

The poor soul still what wouldst thou?
The rich their happiest chances miss;
What wouldst thou?—I could not tell.
Or couldst thou to feel the kiss?

Alas! the world's song says no outside
Alas! of voices ends within!
What have the blind to tell?
When we are blind, what's that!

For we are given than taste and tears;
Poor souls in this world can never
The longing heart divides too much;
Joy marks us all as we are.

How passes the cold winter of time?
With the coldness of the Father's health,
When these raw hours of darkness shine
With but the exile of earth!

Eyes had not seen, our hearts had not,
When we were born, nor when we died,
From feelings gloomy and broken heart
Great fate or her love's returns.

Dear heaven! no more this heart could bear,
So soon at least, as we die;—
They give us but a little time,
The silence breeds to warn her songs.

And not thin endures a soul so wise
Her first high rapture of creation,
What joyous life she sets abroad,
The years she wept and prayed outside.

An Incident of the War.

To the Editor of the Chicago Tribune:

In the month of January, 1863, I witnessed a duel between a Capt. Jones, commanding a Federal scout, and Capt. Fry, commanding a company of State troops, in Memphis, Tenn. These two men had been fighting each other for months, with the fortune of battle in the favor of the rebels. The rebels had headquarters on either side of the river, and contesting the point as to which should hold the bridge, they agreed to fight a duel, the rebels being the aggressors for the time being. Jones gave the challenge, and Fry accepted. The terms were that they should fight in a narrow street, and each should have three shots apiece, deliberately walking towards each other, and firing until the last chamber of their pistols was empty. Both sides were satisfied before all the discharges were made. They chose their seconds, and agreed upon a rebel surgeon to attend them, in case of danger.

Jones was certainly a fine-looking fellow, tall, with a large head, eyes alive,

and a bold, frank bearing, the man that men embalm in modern posy, but,

despite his frank lighting, not real or supposed wrong to himself, but, as he honestly thought, for his country and the government. He had been held admiring the man, notwithstanding he fought for the freedom of the negro, which was opposed to him.

For a man full six feet high, slender, with long, wavy, curling hair, jet black eyes, wearing a short coat, and a wide, open, frank, determined face, the man that men would call a hero.

In many persons it degenerates into a chronic disease, but in Dr. Jones it was a man cool, determined, and heroic under such circumstances. I have read of him in the histories of the war, in the oratory in the middle ages, and of brave men embalm'd in modern posy, but, despite his frank lighting, not real or supposed wrong to himself, but, as he honestly thought, for his country and the government. He had been held admiring the man, notwithstanding he fought for the freedom of the negro, which was opposed to him.

For this reason, I am sorry to add,

that Dr. Jones was a man of the second

order, and was a man of the second